

SAWNEY'S

NEW  
821  
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LETTERS

AND

CARIBOO

RHYMES.

—BY—

JAMES ANDERSON.

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## Sawney's Letters.

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### LETTER NO. I.

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WRITTEN FEBRUARY, 1864.

DEAR SAWNEY,—I sit doon to write  
A screed to you by candle light,  
In answer to your friendly letter—  
I ne'er had ane that pleased me better.  
Your letter cam by the Express,  
Eight shillins carriage—naethin' less.  
You'll think this awfu'—'tis, nae doot—  
(A dram's twa shillins here about);  
I'm sure if Tamie Ha'—the buddy  
Was here wi' his three-legged cuddy  
He hauls ahent him wi' a tether,  
He'd beat the Express, faith a'thegither—  
To speak o't i' the truest way,  
'Tis Barnard's Cariboo Delay.

You'd maybe like to ken what pay  
Miners get here for ilka day.  
Jist twa pound sterling, sure as death—  
It should be four—atweeh us baith.  
For gin ye count the cost o' livin'  
There's naething left to gang and come on;  
And should you bide the winter here,  
The shoppy-buddies'll grab your gear.  
And little wark ane finds to do  
A' the lang dreary winter thro'.

Sawney—had ye your tatties here,  
And neeps and carrots—dinna speer  
What price—tho' I could tell ye weel,  
Ye might think me a leein' chiel;  
Nae, lad, ye ken I never lee,  
Ye a'believe that fa's frae me;  
Neeps, tatties, carrots—by the pun'  
Jist twa for a penny—try for fun  
How muckle 'twad be for a ton.



Aitmeal four skillins, flour is twa,  
 And milk's no to be had ava.  
 For at this season o' the year  
 There's naething for a coo up here  
 To chaw her cud on—sae ye see  
 Ye are far better aff than me—  
 For while you're sittin' warm at hame,  
 And suppin' parritch drooned in crame,  
 The deil a drap o'milk hae I,  
 But gobble up my parritch dry.  
 Of course, I can get butter here,  
 Twal shillin' a pund—it's far oure dear.  
 Aye—a' thing sells at a lang price,  
 Tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, rice,  
 Four shillins a pund, and something mair,  
 And e'en the weights are rather bare—  
 Sae much for prices.

Noo for claims ;  
 And first a word about their names.  
 Some folk were sae oppressed wi' wit,  
 They cad' their claim by name "Coo—,"  
 And tho' they struck the dirt by name,  
 They ne'er struck pay dirt in their claim.  
 Some ithers made a gae fine joke  
 And christen'd their bit ground "Dead  
 Broke,"  
 While some, to fix their fate at once.  
 Ca'd their location "The Last Chance ;"  
 There's "Tinker," "Grizzly,"—losh, what  
 names—  
 There's "Prince o'Wales"—the best o'claims,  
 There's "Beauregard" and "Never Sweat,"  
 And scores o'ithers I forget—  
 The "Richfield" and the "Montreal,"  
 They say they struck the pay last fall—  
 But will they strike it in the spring,  
 Aye, Sawney, that's anither thing ;  
 But by-an'-bye they'll ken, nae doot,  
 If they can pump their water oot.  
 Some strike the bed-rock pitchin' in,  
 And some the bed-rock canna win,  
 But ne'er a color can they see,  
 Until they saut it first a wee ;  
 And syne they tell to ilka man,  
 They struck twa dollars to the pan.  
 You'll see't in the Victoria Press  
 As twenty dollars—naething less.  
 Aye, Sawney, here, a wee bit story,  
 Gin aince it travels to Victoria,  
 Is magnified a hundred fold.

The bed-rock here, doon there is gold;  
 Some folks would manufacture lees  
 To mak' a bawbee on a cheese.  
 Shame on the man who salts a claim,  
 A man he is—but just in name—  
 NO MANHOOD'S IN HIM, HE'S A CHEAT,  
 A SMOOTH, DISSEMBLING HYPOCRITE,  
 WHO, IF HE COULD BUT GAIN HIS END,  
 WOULD E'EN DECEIVE HIS DEAREST FRIEND.

There is a set o' men up here,  
 Wha never work thro' a' the year,  
 A kind o' serpents, crawlin' snakes,  
 That fleece the miner o' his stakes;  
 They're gamblers—honest men some say,  
 Tho' its quite fair to cheat in play—  
 IF IT'S NO KENT O'—I ne'er met  
 An honest man a gambler yet!  
 O, were I Judge in Cariboo,  
 I'd see the laws were carried thro',  
 I'd hae the cairds-o' every pack  
 Tied up into a gunny sack,  
 Wi' a' the gamblers, chained thegither,  
 And banished frae the creek forever.  
 But, Sawney, there's anither clan,  
 There's none o' them I'd ca' a man,  
 The ca' them "jumpers"—my belief  
 Is—"jumper" simply means a thief;  
 They jump folks' claims, and jump their lots,  
 They jump the very pans and pots;  
 But wait a wee—for a' this evil—  
 Their friend 'll jump them,  
 He's the deevil!

And sae ye think o' comin' here,  
 And leavin' a' your guid's and gear,  
 Your wife, and bairns, and hame;  
 Ah! Sawney! if ye wad listen to advice—  
 And sae ye will, if ye be wise—  
 This country's no for you ava'  
 Sae bide at hame, and work awa',  
 Ye mauna think we houk up gold,  
 As ye the tatties frae the mould.  
 Gude faith, ye'll maybe houk a twal mo't  
 An' never even get a glisk o't!  
 An' then, what comes o' us puir deevils?  
 We get as thin and lean as weevils;  
 O' wark we canna get a stroke,  
 We're what they ca' out here "dead broke,"  
 Which means we hinna e'en a groat  
 To line our stomach or our coat;  
 Sae doon the country we maun gang,

And this the burden o' our sang  
 To ilka ane that comes alang,  
 "Freend, be advised, and turn aboot,  
 For Cariboo is noo 'play'd out!'"

Noo, Sawney, I'll blaw oot the light,  
 I'll finish this some ither night,  
 I'll cast my coat and breeks, that's a',  
 And sleep until the daylight daw.

DEAR SAWNEY,—I noo tak the time  
 To feenish out my thread o' rhyme,  
 But as my bobbin's gettin' bare,  
 I'll no can spin ye muckle mair.

An' sae ye're guid auld mither's dead,  
 This aye keeps runnin' in my head.  
 Eh, weel I mind the awfu' lickin'  
 She gaed us twa, for pusie stickin'!  
 Noo, even whan I think o' that,  
 What gar'd her flyte sae 'boot a cat?  
 An' it had worried oor she rabbit,  
 An' feckly a' the young anes grabbit;  
 But when ye're mither fand this out,  
 She ca'd the cat a clarty brute,  
 An' as she'd skelper' as sae cruel,  
 She fill'd our stamachs fu' o' gruel.  
 Aye, Sawney, lad, auld folks maun dee,  
 An' young anes may—so let us be  
 Two doonright, honest, trustin' men,  
 Syne we'll be ready noo or then.  
 An' ye hae got anither bairn,  
 Anither stane to haip the cairn,  
 Aye, aye, for ilka ane that dees—  
 There's ane, an' mavbe mair, that sees.  
 Sae dander-headed Smiddy Jock  
 Is rivet'd wi' Maggie Locke!  
 I canna think hoo she could mair  
 Sic a blethrin' harum-scairy;  
 Some folks dislike what ithers like,  
 An' some see guid in the warst tyke,  
 Sae Maggie may see this in Jonnie,  
 But, certes me, he is no bonnie!  
 Ye ken I liked this lass fu' weel  
 An' thocht mysel' a happy chiel.  
 Ah, I should ne'er had trusted Mag,  
 She's like her mither Eve—the hag—  
 Wha fell in love, lang time ago,  
 Wi' that auld blacksmith doon below;  
 Believin' a' his words were true,  
 She put the aiple in her mou',



An' whan auld Aidam she had gotten,  
 They ate it, but they fand it rotten !  
 They lost the guid, an' got the evil,  
 A' thro' oor mither's bein' sae ceevil !  
 Ye ken that like produces like,  
 That bees are bred in a bee's byke.  
 Sae evil doon frae Aidam ran  
 A' thro' the veins o' every man,  
 An' woman, too—SAE MAGGIE LOCKE  
 FORGAT HER JEAMES, AND SPLICED WI' JOCK !

There are some women on this creek,  
 Sae modest, and sae mild and meek !  
 The deep red blush aye pents their cheek,  
 They never swear but when they speak.  
 Each ane's a mistress, too, ye'll find,  
 To mak guid folks think that she's joined  
 In honest wedlock unto one ;

"She's yours or any other man's !"  
 But dinna fear, for me at least,  
 I'll never mak mysel' a beast !  
 But let this drap—"to err is human,"  
 An' "Frailty, thy name is woman."

"Love in itsel' is very guid,  
 But 'tis by nae means solid fuid"—  
 Whan man and woman 's tied thegither,  
 They are made one till death does sever ;  
 So says the pastor—but is't true ?  
 Has Kate an' you the self same mou ?  
 Whan ye sit doon to eat betimes,  
 Does this same mou' fill baith ye're waimes ?  
 It may be sae, but this I ken,  
 Gif ye war ane, ye noo are ten ;  
 There's Jeames, and Sawney, Kate and Meg,  
 An' Georgie with the crookit leg,  
 There's Wull and Hairry, Shuse and Jock,  
 Nae langer than his father's sock—  
 An' noo, this other brat ye've got—  
 Oh, Sawney ! faigs, ye shud be shot !  
 Oure mony bairns—oure mony cares—  
 Oure mony saut and pepper hairs !  
 TWA MAY MAK OOT TO LIVE AS ANE  
 BY PICKIN' GAE CLOSE TO THE BANE,  
 BUT WHAN THERE'S MAIR YE'LL FIND THIS  
 TRUE,

THAT ILKA ANE HAS GOT A MOU !

I'm glad to hear ye hae sic oats,  
 And sold sae weel ye're sax fat stots ;  
 That a' gangs right aboot the fairm,  
 That Tam's-fee'd for anither term ;

An' that ye're pluin's no ahent,  
That ye could pay the Laird his rent.

As water's to a thirsty soul,  
Or drinkin' toddy frae a bowl—  
Wi' twa-three freens—sae is guid news  
To him wha's far frae them he loes.

Gie my respects to ye're guid wife ;  
If ever I get back to Fife,  
I'll teach her hoo to mak loaf bread,  
Wi' sour dough—oot o' HER ain head !  
An' gie my love to a' ye're bairns,  
To guid John Thampson, o' the Cairns ;  
To ilka ane that speers for me,  
My kind regards be sure to gie.

An' noo, dear Sawney, naething mair  
I hae to say, yet canna bear  
The thocht o' finishin' my rhyme,  
'Tis like we parted second time ;  
But I'll no fret—whate'er it seems—  
Ye ken that I'm ye're true freend

JEAMES.

## LETTER II.

WRITTEN MARCH, 1866.

DEAR SAWNEY,—What on airth's the matter,  
Ye hinna answered my last letter ?  
A thocht sometimes comes i' my head  
That my freend Sawney may be dead ;  
But sic a thocht I canna thole,  
It grieves my very heart and soul,  
An' sae I'll banish a' misgivin,—  
An' tak for granted that ye're livin'—  
I mind me noo o' the old saw,  
“ That ill news faster rins than a' ”  
Sae if ye're sands o' life had run,  
I wad a heard o't “ sure's a gun.”  
Ye canna surely hae forgot  
Ye're auld freend Jeames, ye're brither Scot ?  
Ye mind in Rabbie Burns' lays  
What honest Tam o' Shanter says  
About his ancient, drouthy crony,  
The decent body, souter Johnny ;  
“ Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.”  
I weel believe their love wad end,

Nae surety 's in a whisky freend ;  
 A drunken chiel nae man can trust,  
 His word's as brittle as pie crust.  
 Gie me that freend that ne'erwas fou,  
 And, Sawney, him I fand in you ;  
 A doonright honest, sober man  
 As ever stood upon the lan'.  
 Our love was ne'er begot by drink,  
 But o' a purer stream, I think.  
 We baith were puir in warldly gear,  
 (" 'Twas poverty that drove me here ")  
 But we were rich in haein' health,  
 Itsel' a very mine o' wealth ;  
 An' something o' as great a worth  
 As ane can ever hae on earth—  
 A heart that thro' misfortunes a'  
 Aye manfully o'ercomes them a' ;  
 An independent mind is what  
 " Maks man the man, for a' that."  
 It's likely ye ne'er got my letter,  
 If this be sae, I'm still your debtor,  
 Or that your answer has miscarried.  
 Or in the mighty ocean buried  
 Wi' " Brother Jonathan " that gaed doon  
 Some time last year near Crescent toon.  
 But as we canna help what's gane,  
 I'll try if I can tax' my brain  
 To gie ye a' I ken that's new,  
 In this the land o' Cariboo.

But first o' a' anent mysel'  
 A word or twa I'm gaun to tell ;  
 Ye nae doubt think my pouch is lined  
 Wi' gowden dust, in Geordies coin'd,  
 That I'm as rich as any Jew  
 That swindles aff auld claes for new ;  
 Noo, just that ye may ken my story,  
 I'll set my dein's a' before ye.

In '68 I left my hame,  
 In that same year I bought a claim  
 Frae Cameron Jock o' Canada—  
 As smart a lad 's ye ever saw,  
 Wha's greatest fault was nane uncommon,  
 A gae strong likin' for a woman ;  
 An ill loon wi' some men was Johnny,  
 Because he had sae muckle money !  
 But I hae travel'd near and far,  
 And aften hae I met wi' waur ;  
 The claim he sell't me was nae bad,  
 An' ere three months I siller had.

Gin next year's spring I tried my luck  
 At prospeckin', but I got "stuck,"  
 An' Red Gulch eased me o' my cash ;  
 (I wish I hadna been sae rash !)  
 Weel, I began the warld again,  
 An' warked for months wi' might an' main,  
 An' whan 'twas drawin' towards the fa'  
 I wasna that ill aff ava ;  
 The "Cameron" was my auld stay bye,  
 To feed my pouch when pumped dry.  
 In '68 I gaed to seek  
 My fortune upon Lightning Creek ;  
 I fell in love—noo dinna start.  
 Dear Sawney, I ne'er lost my heart  
 But aince—"the theft I have lang forgive,  
 Forget the thief—ne'er while I live."  
 But to my tale : I fell in love,  
 O'er head and lugs and hand and glove,  
 An' thocht that name could e'er surpass  
 The tocher o' the "Ayrshire Lass ;"  
 I tried my best to catch her tin,  
 But ah ! the jade, she took me in ;  
 For four lang months I ran her drift,  
 Then wearied oot, ga' 'er in a gift !  
 Syne back to Williams I did ca'  
 As puir a chiel's ye ever saw ;  
 A' summer then I staid at hame,  
 An' warked awa at my auld claim,  
 O' luck I had a real guid streak,  
 Whiles makin' thirty punds a week ;  
 And yet I wasna half content.  
 On prospeckin' I still was bent ;  
 Had shares in a' the kintra side,  
 In shafts gaun 'doon thro' slum and slide ;  
 Thocht ilka day I'd strike it big,  
 Sae didna mind the costs a fig.  
 O ! had I kent what I ken noo,  
 I'd sent my siller hame to you ;  
 For long afore the winter's snaw,  
 My cash took wings and flew awa',  
 And left me e'en without a groat,  
 But still an independent Scot.  
 And sae I maun begin anew  
 To fecht the ills o' Cariboo ;  
 "But freedom's battle once begun,  
 Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."

Such, Sawney, is a mining life,  
 Cases like mine are unco rife—  
 In fac' there's dozens livin' here  
 Hae seen hard times for mony a year ;

Yet still they wrestle on thro' a',  
 Tho' sometimes they do rin awa'.  
 For whan a man can do nae better,  
 He has to leave the creek a debtor—  
 Altho' I think it is a flicht  
 That's no just a thegither richt ;  
 HOOE'ER SAE PUIR A MAN MAY BE,  
 HIS MÖTTO SHOULD BE HONESTY.  
 Still, here the miner on the whole  
 Is a straight gaun' honest soul,  
 Wha pays his debts baith fair and free,  
 If he's the cash to pay it wi'!

O' mining news I am but scant,  
 There's naething on the creek but want ;  
 In this cauld season o' the year,  
 There's little ane can do up here—  
 An' wark is at sae low a figure  
 As ane wad hardly pay a nigger !

There's naught but care on ilka han',  
 On every hour that passes, O !  
 An' Sawney, man, we hae nae chance  
 To spark amang the lasses, O !

A warldly race that riches chase,  
 Yet a' gangs tapselteerie, O !  
 An' every hour we spend at e'en,  
 Is spent without a dearie, O !

Last simmer we had lassies here  
 Frae Germany—the hurdies, O !  
 And troth I wot, as I'm a Scot,  
 They were the bonnie hurdies, O !

There was Kate and Mary, blithe and airy,  
 And dumpy little Lizzie, O !  
 And ane they ca'd the Kangaroo,  
 A strappin' rattlin' hizzy, O !

They danced at nicht in dresses light,  
 Frae late until the early, O !  
 But oh ! their hearts were hard as flint,  
 Which vexed the laddies sairly, O !

The dollar was their only love,  
 And that they lo'ed fu' dearly, O !  
 They dinna care a flea for men,  
 Let them coort hooe'er sincerely, O !

They left the creek wi' lots o' gold,  
 Danced frae oor lads sae clever, O !  
 My blessins' on their "sour krout" heads,



Gif they stay awa for ever, O !

CHORUS—Bonnie are the hurdies, O !

The German hurdy-gurdies, O !  
The daftest hour that ere I spent,  
Was dancin' wi' the hurdies, O !

What think ye, Sawney, o' my sang ?  
A good thing, it's no very lang ;  
The name I've gied 's "The German Lasses."  
The air's the same's "Green grows the  
Rashes,"

Maun, Sawney, ye wad like to see  
They way they dance in this kintre  
They lift the lassies aff their feet  
In sic a way that's no discreet—  
Then a' at aince they let them drap ;  
Syne ilka lad begins to clap,  
An' thro' the din, an' fun, an' stoure,  
Ye'll hear a voice say "sock it to her !"   
They whirl them round in waltz and galop,  
Wi' a real Glengary walop ;  
They strike their hands, and beat their feet,  
Then turn aboot, and syne they'll meet ;  
An' after every dance, just think,  
They walk up to the bar and drink !  
They'll jingle glasses left an' right,  
Their dollar's gane—then "Gesund act,"  
Gif I get hame, I'll put Meg thro'  
The way they do in Cariboo !

There's ae amusement here oure rife  
(Twad be an unco sin in Fife),  
Here some ne'er fash their heads ava  
'Boot the commands or moral law.  
If gamblin' be a devil's snare,  
There's scores around wha dinna care,  
And if they're caught into the trap,  
They'll hardly fear the deil a snap.  
Last night as I was lyin' asleep,  
I had a dream o' thae black sheep ;  
I saw kent faces doon below  
A' glourin' thro' the flamin' glow,  
An' fiendishly were playin' "poker,"  
Wi' auld Clootie an' his stoker ;  
Then "freeze-out" some desir'd to play,  
The deil consentin', all obey ;  
An' for the whiskey they that nicht  
Sat doon to play wi' a' their micht ;  
But, ah, said Clootie, I've nae water,  
Nor whiskey, tho' there's mony a mal'ter ;  
There's in my larder some mince pies !

"Bully!" an honest miner cries,  
 An' a' the rest were unco glad—  
 (And auld nick's bairns are richly fed).  
 They play'd for mony an hour that nicht,  
 An' mony a pie was lost to sight.  
 Noo, just as I got thro' my dream,  
 A face I saw I winna name—  
 'Twas he who paid for a' the pies—  
 An' up his throat came deep drawn sighs.  
 Noo, Sawney, tho' I'm laith to tell,—  
 He was a countryman o' mysel';  
 When some folk get awa frae hame  
 They lose a' sense o' sin an' shame,  
 An' sae they care nae hoo they're livin',  
 Believin' neither hell nor heaven!  
 SMA' SINS TO MUCKLE EVILS RISE,  
 THERE'S DANGER IN AULD CLOOTIE'S PIES.

We've three toom kirks upon the creek—  
 Oor ministers are a' sae meek—  
 They canna live a year up here,  
 But gang below for warmer cheer;  
 But maybe this is just as weel,  
 When they're awa' so is the deil.  
 He'll think he has us a' his ain,  
 And for that reason let's alane  
 An honest man—he's no to blame  
 If he even think the same,  
 For life is such in Cariboo,  
 That ane might weel believe it true!  
 But still we'll try, as "Rabbie" writ,  
 "To turn the corner on him yet."  
 Weel, Sawney, lad, I've said enoo  
 About mysel' an' Cariboo;  
 Mair reading micht but gie ye trouble,  
 (An' heh! the postage wad be double),  
 But yet I maun a word or twa  
 Anent the folks sae far awa';  
 Ah! Sawney, man, I lang to see  
 The freends at hame sae dear to me;  
 My guid auld mither, honest soul,  
 Hoo muckle she has had to thole,  
 Frae her wild laddies, thoughtless chiels,  
 (An' some folks ca'd us ne'er-do-weels!)  
 Hoo often has she ta'en our pairt,  
 Whan faither wad his micht assert,  
 An' 'aff the head, or aff the back  
 Wad screen us frae an unco whack.  
 Oor faither ruled us wi' a whup,  
 But she wi' love—a surer grup;  
 Whan duty made her thresh us sair,

She'd aye begin wi' a bit prayer,  
 An' syne she'd tell us that sic evil  
 Wad mak us bairnies o' the deevil ;  
 She'd speak o't till her een were weet,  
 An' then, dear Sawney, we wad greet ;  
 Jist ane sic threshin' frae oor mither  
 Wad mak us guid for weeks thegither,  
 And mony, mony a time since than  
 Has keepit us frae doin' wrang.  
 THE THREAT'NIN'S O' THE MORAL LAW  
 WILL SCARCE MAK ANY GOOD AVA,  
 BUT WHAN LOVE SPEAKS, WHA WITHSTAND  
 THE CHASTENIN'S O' SAE KIND A HAND ;  
 Hoo tenderly frae week to week  
 She nursed us baith whan we were sick !  
 Put a' oor dearest friends thegither,  
 An' Sawney, wha is like a mither ?

Gie my regards to a' at hame,  
 An' tell dear Meg that I'm the same  
 As whan I left the auld countrie,  
 To mak my fortune o'er the sea ;  
 And tho' I'm sair forefoughten, still  
 I'll fecht my way wi' richt guid will,  
 Until auld Scotland sees me back  
 Wi' siller, or without a plack.  
 God bless ye, Sawney, a' ye're life,  
 Happy at hame, wi' bairns and wife ;  
 At e'enin's whan the fireside gleams  
 Whiles spare a thocht for your friend  
 J EAMES.

### LETTER NO. III.

DEAR SAWNEY.—Little did I think  
 That Eighteen Sixty-seven  
 Wad see me still in Cariboo,  
 A howkin' for a livin'.  
 The first two years I spent oot here  
 Was nae sae ill ava,  
 But hoo I've lived since syne, my freen'  
 There's little need to blaw !  
 Like foot-ba' knockit back an' fore,  
 That's lang in reaching goal,  
 Or feather blawn by ilka wind  
 That whistles 'tween each pole,  
 E'en sae my mining life has been  
 Foo mony a weary day,  
 (Will that sun never rise for me,

That sh'ines for makin' hay ?)  
 'Tis weel for us we dinna ken  
 The future as the past ;  
 Oor troubles wad be doubled then  
 By being sae fore-cast,  
 Unless to us was gi'en the power,  
 Like shelt'rin' frae a shower,  
 To scoug beneath some freendly bield  
 Till ilka blast was oure.  
 Yet man, sae thochtless an' sae rash,  
 Nae doot wad aften sleep,  
 An' like the foolish virgins five,  
 Wad oilless cruises keep,  
 Till wauken'd by the storms o' life  
 Oure late to rin away ;  
 He'd wish the future had been blank  
 To him, as 'tis to a'.

Weel, here at last I'm workin' oot  
 A lab'rer by the day,  
 'Mang face-boards, water, slum an' mud,  
 To keep the wolf away !  
 Adversity's a sair, sair school,  
 An' ane that few can prize,  
 Altho' its hardships aften are  
 But "blessin's in disguise."  
 My sympathies gang wi' the man  
 Wha labors for anither,  
 That never kent what 'twas to toil  
 For ten lang hours thegither.  
 Some masters look on workin' men  
 As packers see their trains,  
 But beasts o' burden, naethin mair,  
 For adding to their gains ;  
 But ilka doggie has his day  
 Baith thorough-bred an' cross ;  
 Sae very aft ane sees oot here  
 The mule become the boss !  
 There's mony a wholesome lessen taught  
 To ane by being "broke,"  
 But aye oure readily forgot  
 At the first lucky stroke.  
 Some men weel off in warldly means  
 Are friendship's very sel'  
 As lang as ye are kent to be  
 What folks ca' "doin' well !"  
 But should ye ever stoop to ask  
 Frae ane the sma'est help,  
 It acts upon them like a stane  
 Thrown at a hameless whelp !  
 Hoo mony freends the wealthy have,

Friends o' the sunny hour !  
 (I've felt this, Sawney, since I stood  
 Bare-headed in the shower).  
 But still I fand a faithfu' few  
 Around me in my need ;  
 Not rich—but warm and kindly hearts  
 That's weel ca'd "friends indeed."  
 Sometimes I've thocht, on lookin' round,  
 That rogues an' fools thrive maist—  
 While steady, honest, ploddin' men  
 O' fortune hae the least.  
 Tho' 'twad be wrang sae to conclude,  
 Life's no made o' a day,  
 But tak the three-score years an' ten.  
 An' syne the balance weigh,  
 "Appearances do aft deceive,"  
 But here my mind's at rest,  
 That baith o' this world an' the next  
 The upright man has best.

Strange what a change a little gold  
 Maks on a little head,  
 That never kent much mair than hoo  
 To chaw its daily bread !  
 Iv'e seen some chieels weel liked by a'  
 Whan workin' for a livin',  
 Assume mair airs than any daw  
 That ere caw'd under heaven—  
 Whan aince they had a slice o' luck,  
 (And some were raised on parritch),  
 Believe themselves e'en gentlemen !  
 An' walk'd wi' men o' carritch—  
 But minin' 's like the country here,  
 Has mony an' up an' doon ;  
 Ae day ye're stannin' on ye're feet,  
 The next day on your croon !  
 Sae thae vain laddies gat a coup,  
 But fell upon their feet !  
 Their pray'r should be, "O, keep us poor,  
 Or wealth an' wisdom wi' 'it !"  
 I kent a body mak a strike—  
 He look'd a little lord !  
 An' had a clan o' followers  
 Amang a needy horde.  
 Whane'er he entered a saloon  
 You'd see the barkeep smile—  
 His lordships' humble servant he,  
 Without a thocht o' guile !  
 A twal months pass'd an' a' is gane,  
 Baith freends an' brandy bottle.  
 An' noo the puir soul's left alane,



Wi' nocht to weet his throttle !  
 An' since, I've seen the barkeeper,  
 Wha seem'd sae sweet before,  
 Wi' some persuasion show this chiel  
 The ootside o' the door !  
 Ah ! gold, gold, gold ! we worship gold—  
 What signifies the man ?  
 Hae ye but siller, ye're a god,  
 Your character wha'd scan !  
 But be ye poor, then a' maun see  
 What'er ye are about ;  
 If there's a "hole in a' your coat,"  
 They're sure to find it oot.  
 Yet tak the bawbees frae the ane,  
 An' gie them to the ither,  
 This man will get the warld's hand,  
 And that man its cauld shou'ther !

There's naething like a mining life,  
 In ony trade or art,  
 That brings to licht sae forcibly  
 Each feelin' o' the heart ;  
 The mean, the selfish, and the proud,  
 Conceited and the vain,  
 Are known by ilka turn they mak  
 In this pursuit o' gain ;  
 While open-hearted, manly souls  
 Made o' finer clay,  
 Tho' strivin' hard for wealth themsels'  
 Help ithers on their way.  
 'Tis strange, yet true, as soon's a man  
 Has guid luck and weel fares,  
 His friends begin to think him proud,  
 An' gi'en himsel' airs ;  
 Sincerity whiles maks me feel  
 We "saddle the wrang horse,"  
 'Tis we, wha being poor are proud,  
 But he maun get the curse !  
 Nae doubt there are some men around  
 Wi' self-conceit confined,  
 A consequential body theirs  
 To hide a vacant mind.  
 Puir silly creatures, harmless chiels,  
 O' glory tak your fill !  
 Think highly o' yoursels, my freends,  
 Nae ither body will !  
 But, Sawney, I could name some men  
 As open as the day ;  
 What matter whether rich or poor,  
 Aye gentlemen are they.  
 What matter tho' the claes be fine,

Or a' their duds threadbare ?  
 'Tis no the coat that reads the man,  
 The heart's the dial there ;  
 But somehow, Sawney, as a class  
 Their "backs are at the wa'."  
 'Tis may be, as a miner said,  
 "Because their brains are sma' ;"  
 Owre sma' to steal, owre sma' to cheat,  
 To gain wealth by a lee.  
 If this be what the wise man meant,  
 May aye their brains be wee !

Amang the hunders livin' here,  
 There's barely ten per cent,  
 That shun the vice o' cards an' dice,  
 Such is the natural bent.  
 I ken some men, aye an' respeck',  
 Are gamblin's abject slaves,  
 (O, would they only pause an' think,  
 Life ends not in their graves.)  
 There's mony a debt maun gang unpaid,  
 An' mony a promise broken,  
 To gratify an appetite  
 For ever, ever croakin' ;  
 The law can never mak a saint,  
 Hoo'er severe it be—  
 But gamblin's as a vice affects  
 A whole community.  
 We want an Alderman like "Cute,"  
 To "put this nuisance down,"  
 Or a grand jury wi' a will  
 To drive it to the groun',  
 Yet gamblers indirectly help  
 To furnish the exchequer,  
 They're prized by mony a whiskey shop  
 As cargoes to a wrecker ;  
 Sae men in power maun shut their een—  
 In fact they dinna care  
 As lang 's the revenue is rais'd,  
 Whether foul the means or fair.  
 Puir honor to be ruled by some  
 Aristocratic swells,  
 Wha guide the reigns o' government  
 Just as it suits themsels !  
 But "shadows o' a great event,"  
 Foreshadow changes near,  
 And Cariboo shall bless the day  
 Proclaims "Dominion" here—  
 A star has risen i' the east,  
 An' on its disc "salvation !"  
 Its ring around wi' letters bound

Shines forth "Confederation !"  
 The "brightest gem in Britain's crown,"  
 Is Canada's domain,  
 And when 'tis anchored in the seas,  
 'Twill strength as lustre gain.  
 There's neither kirk nor Sunday here,  
 Altho' there's mony a sinner ;  
 An' if we're steep'd in a' that's bad,  
 Think ye there's muckle win'er ?  
 There is a little meetin' house  
 That's ca'd the Cambrian Ha',  
 Its members few—but these I view  
 As saut preservin' a'—  
 But if we hinna got a kirk,  
 We hae anither biggin',  
 (Altho it may nae point sae clear  
 The way abune the riggin',)  
 That gies amusement to the boys,  
 An' brings them a' thegither  
 That gies amusement to the boys,  
 An' brings them a thegither  
 Ae nicht a week for twa short hours,  
 To laugh wi' ane anither.  
 I dinna ken what name to gie'd,  
 A "Play-house" ye despise,  
 Would "Amateur Dramatic Ha'"  
 Look better in your eyes ?  
 You Sawneys are a moral folk,  
 Altho' ye will get fou !  
 'Twad do ye a' a sight o' guid,  
 Twa years in Cariboo !  
 'Twas my intent to show you a'  
 The hardships o' this life,  
 But second thochts hae changed my mind,  
 For ye wad tell ye're wife !  
 And weel ye ken that women's tongues  
 Are common to ilk ither ;  
 An, ere a week or sae was owre,  
 She'd claik it to my mither—  
 Puir body, wha wad grieve her heart,  
 By adding to her care—  
 He's but a coward at the best,  
 Wha troubles canna bear.  
 Your letters, Sawney, are a'boon,  
 An' postage now is less,  
 An' Barnard's Cariboo "Delay,"  
 Can fairly claim "Express."  
 Be sure an' write me ev'ry month,  
 If naething but "cauld kale." \*

\* Anything repeated.

To see hoo much hame news is prized,  
Read

### WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

Man's life is like a medley.  
Composed of many airs,  
Which make us glad or make us sad,  
And oft our laughter dares ;  
E'en so our hearts have many cords  
And strains of light and strong,  
Which make us glad or make us sad,  
Like changes in the song ;  
Our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears,  
Our sorrows never fail—  
But ev'ry heart knows not the smart  
Of waiting for the mail.

A teamster from the Beaver Pass—  
"What news of the Express?"  
" 'Twas there last night, if I heard right ;  
'Twill be in to-day, 'I guess.'"  
A miner, next on William Creek  
Arrived, from wint'ring south,  
"He heard some say 'twould be to-day  
Expected at the Mouth,"  
But here comes Poole, in hast his rule—  
"Hallo ! what of the mail?"  
From him we learn, with some concern,  
"Just two days out from Yale !"

Ah ! waiting is a weariness,  
"The Express is at Van Winkle!"  
This makes the face deny the case,  
And quite removes the wrinkle.  
A few hours more—a great uproar—  
The Express is come at last !  
An Eastern mail, see by the bale,  
As "Sullivan" goes past ;  
An now, an eager, anxious crowd  
Await the letter sale,  
Postmaster curst—their "wrath was nurs'd"  
By waiting for the mail.

"Hurrah !" at length the window's up—  
"There's nothing, 'John,' for me?"  
John knows the face—the letter place—  
"Two bits on that," says he.  
And many come and many go,  
In sorrow or delight,  
While some will say, "their's met delay,"  
Whose friends forgot to write ;

An anxious heart, who stands apart,  
Expectant of a letter,  
With hopeful mind, but fears to find  
Some loved one still his debtor.

The day is pass'd, the office closed,  
The letters are delivered,  
And some have joy with out alloy,  
While some fond hopes are shivered ;  
A sweetheart wed—a dear friend dead,  
Or closer tie is broken ;  
Ah ! many an ache the heart may take  
By words tho' never spoken.  
But whether good or bad the news,  
This happens without fail—  
Your letter read—the fire is fed  
For waiting on the mail.

An' noo, dear Sawney, "Fare thee weel !"  
Tho' we can never meet,  
Ye'll hae o' big share o' my heart,  
As ye hae o' this sheet.  
My fondest hope is but to find  
Some hearts as leal an' true  
'Mang Scotland's hills an' Scotland's dales',  
As friends in Cariboo.

---

### PROLOGUE.

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SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE,  
BARKERVILLE, SATURDAY, JANUARY  
16TH, 1869.

Twelve months ago—'twas on that social  
night,  
When cares are buried, and when joys are  
bright—  
When mirth and pleasure hail the new-born  
year,  
And friends endeavor to provide good cheer,  
Our first debut was made in scenic art—  
With falt'ring accents, and with beating  
heart,  
Like a young child, whose mother's arms  
were all  
The feet he knew—now walks, yet fears to  
fall—  
We came before you, nerves and feelings  
strain'd,



Till step by step your confidence we gain'd ;  
 And when your plaudits struck the anxious  
     ear,  
 Care trembling fled, pursued by tim'rous  
     fear,  
 We called you friends, the friends we know  
     you now ;  
 Pleased when you smile, and gratified, we  
     bow.  
 The year sped on ! and many an hour we  
     spent  
 In mutual pleasures, for our hearts were  
     blent—  
 And spoke of more to come—the night was  
     fix'd—  
 Man's cup of pleasure is with sorrow mix'd,  
 "He may propose, but One disposes all,  
 Without Whose will not e'en the sparrows  
     fall"—  
 For ere the sun had risen on that day  
 Our city smould'ring in its ashes lay.  
 But not to linger on so sad a tale,  
 The storm is cer', and past the scorching  
     gale,  
 Our city stands rebuilt—tho' built in haste—  
 A credit to your energy and taste.  
 And here to-night, within this spacious hall,  
 Built by kind labor volunteered by all  
 We meet again—and by your beaming eyes  
     eyes  
 You're pleased once more to see the curtain  
     rise.  
 Whom shall we thank, when thanks to all  
     are due—  
 We'd rob the many, if we prais'd the few—  
 That man who nailed a board upon this  
     frame,  
 Can say, "I built it," and he builds his  
     fame !  
 And now kind friends we look for your  
     applause,  
 Nor hide displeasure—when you see just  
     cause  
 'Tis easy finding fault, but you will try,  
 To view our failings with a friendly eye.  
 If we afford you pleasure for an hour,  
 Our objects gained tho' critics may talk  
     sour  
 We might say more but deeds, are better far,  
 "Where still the waters, deep the channels  
     are," \*

\* The performance was, "Still Waters run Deep."

Be you the laughing brooks 'mid sunny  
beams,  
And we the fountains that supply the  
streams;  
And may the current, bright, unsullied, flow,  
In rills of pleasure to the house below.

---

### DEAD BROKE.

Dead broke ! dead broke !—aft said in joke,  
Sae truth is sometimes spoken ;  
But to the man "wha bears the gree,"  
'Tis onything but jokin'.  
Auld tattered-claes, an' girnin' boots,  
Admittin' wind an' weather,  
Like freends that stood—whan he was guid—  
But no a' gang thegither.

Dead broke ! dead broke ! words eas'ly spoke,  
But ah ! to feel their meanin' ;  
Without a penny in ye're pouch,  
Or yet a freendly leanin' ;  
With out a credit at a store,  
But wi' an empty larder !  
For wark—desire—yet nane to hire  
Can life be muckle harder ?

Dead broke ! dead broke !—a gae sair stoke,  
An' unco hard to thole ;  
But wi' a will, determin'd still,  
We'll warstle thro' the hole.  
An' should it ever be oure lot  
To meet wi' fortune's smile,  
Whan we foregather some poor chiel,  
Let's help him o'er the stile.

---

### HARD LUCK.

Last night I sat and watch'd  
Beside a comrade's bed—  
An' a' was still, within an' out,  
Save the watch-beat overhead ;  
My thochts gaed back and fore,  
Frae now to "ould lang syne,"—  
Till a' resolved to this at last,  
"Was ever luck like mine ?"

A voice then struck my ear—  
Sae weary an' sae wae—  
In words I couldna choose but hear,

And "helpless," thrice did say ;  
 I mark'd the sufferer's face,  
 Read pain in ilka line—  
 A taunting spirit in me asked,  
 "Was ever luck like thine?"

This touch'd me to the heart—  
 I weaken'd richt awa—  
 I couldna thole to see my case  
 Compared wi' his ava.  
 And sae a lesson's taught,  
 That we should never tine—  
 However hard your lot may be,  
 There's ithers waur than thine !

---

### RESIGNATION.

---

Winds are grieving, summer's leaving,  
 And my hopes are leaving too ;  
 Hopes Spring gladdens—Autumn saddens—  
 "Why does Autumn change their hue?"

Ah ! "why they change," does this seem  
 strange?

Summer needs no blanket coat ;  
 Bees have honey—you have money—  
 I at sea in open boat !

Winter's calling, leaves are falling,  
 And I tremble at the sight ;  
 Snow-capp'd mountains, frozen fountains—  
 "Why should dead leaves give you fright?"

Ah ! you task me, you who ask me,  
 For to feel another's smart  
 You must borrow from his sorrow,  
 And his hardships share a part.

"But your reason, tells the season  
 Of green leaves shall come again ;  
 Hopes now sadden'd will be gladden'd,  
 Then why nourish needless pain ?

"What can't be cured must be endured."  
 Thanks, my friend ; give me your arm,  
 Your bread I'll share—you well can spare  
 Till the spring renews the charm.

---

### THE PROSPECTOR'S SHANTY.

---

See yonder shanty on the hill,  
 'Tis but an humble biggin',  
 Some ten by six within the wa's—  
 Your head may touch the riggin'—

The door stands open to the south,  
 The fire, outside the door ;  
 The logs are chinked close wi' fog—  
 And nocht but mud the floor—  
 A knife an' fork, a pewter plate,  
 An' cup o' the same metal,  
 A teaspoon an' a sugar bowl,  
 A frying pan an' kettle ;

The bakin' board hangs on the wa',  
 Its purposes are twa-fold—  
 For mixing bread wi' yeast or dough,  
 Or panning oot the braw gold !  
 A log or twa in place o' stools,  
 A bed without a hangin',  
 Are feckly a' the furnishin's  
 This little house belangin' ;  
 The laird and tenant o' this sty,  
 I canna name it finer,  
 Lives free an' easy as a lord,  
 Tho' but an "honest miner."

---

### SONG OF THE MINE.

---

Drift ! Drift ! Drift !  
 From the early morn till night.  
 Drift ! Drift ! Drift !  
 From twilight till broad-day light,  
 With pick, and crow-bar and sledge,  
 Breaking a hard gravel face ;  
 In slum, and water and mud,  
 Working with face-board and brace ;  
 Main set, false set, and main set—  
 Repeated, shift after shift—  
 Day after day the same song—  
 The same wearisome Song of the Drift.

Run ! Run ! Run !  
 Rush to the shaft the rich pay !  
 Backward and forward in haste—  
 Watching the track by the way—  
 Run ! Run ! Run !  
 In a kind of nervous dread,  
 Fearing that "cap" that oft makes  
 A batt'ring ram of your head ;  
 This "curve,"—that badly built "switch,"  
 Look out ! you know what they are.  
 Run ! Run ! thro' all the long day,  
 Sings this hasty Song of the Car.

Hoist ! Hoist ! Hoist !  
 No music there is in that sound !  
 Hoist ! hoist ! HOIST !—  
 Impatient voice underground !  
 You may wish your arm a crank  
 Attached to a water wheel !  
 With no aching bones at night,  
 Nor a weary frame to feel—  
 'Tis vain ! Hoist ! Hoist away ! Hoist !—  
 The dirt comes heavy and moist,  
 And thirty buckets an hour  
 "Foot" to the tune of Hoist ! Hoist !

Wash ! Wash ! Wash !  
 And rattle the rocks around,  
 Is the song the Dump-box sings,  
 So cheery the whole week round ;

And on Sunday "clean me up,"  
 And gather the precious "pay."  
 "Better the day—better the deed,"  
 Should read, better the deed—the day !  
 Now say, what have you "wash'd up?"  
 Small wages—well, never repine—  
 You know, we'll do better next week !  
 And so ended the Song of the Mine.

---

### LIFE LIKE A RIVER.

---

Bright river ! flowing from the spring,  
 Bubbling from the fountain—  
 Lauging, leaping over rocks—  
 Tumbling down the mountain—  
 Rushing wildly thro' a canyon—  
 Now plunging over falls—  
 Past the woodlands and the lowlands—  
 Now greeting cots and halls,  
 Thro' the meadows quietly stealing,  
 Now Gliding to the sea—  
 Gliding onward to the ocean  
 Of Immensity.

Life, like a river at its source  
 Seems but a pleasant stream—  
 But soon, the canyon of our youth  
 Proves opening life a dream ;  
 The falls of manhood's early days  
 Fast follow boyhood's years.  
 But smooth our future journeyings



Thro'out this vale of tears—  
 Till in the meadows of old age,  
 Life's river flowing free—  
 Flowing onward to the ocean  
 Of Eternity.

---

## A RETROSPECT.

---

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
 And the grave is not its goal."

Strange what a change a few short years  
 Make on that creature—man  
 A wiser, better change? How rare  
 Such changes in this life's plan;  
 On looking back, how short the time  
 Appears to you and me,  
 Since we found happiness in homes  
 Of stern morality.  
 Six days a week to labor giv'n,  
 And one—from cares opprest—  
 And when the Sabbath bells rung out,  
 We went—you know the rest—  
 But mark our present way of life,  
 Compare it with the past—  
 Oh! Mem'ry, while you pain, bring back  
 Those joys—no sorrows blast—  
 For pleasures are but "fleeting forms"  
 On "angel wings," of flight;  
 Like tropic climes—where brighter day  
 But leaves the darker night—  
 For what is life—a little lake,  
 A span from shore to shore!  
 A miner's cabin, but a step  
 From bedstead to the door!  
 When death records that "wee hill claim,"  
 'Tis not our last condition—  
 The tombstone's but the title-page  
 Of life—a new edition.  
 Then, come resolve, and prudence come,  
 Since longest life is brief!  
 And when the book of time's unclasp'd  
 Unspotted be each leaf.



# CARIBOO SONGS.

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## THE ROUGH BUT HONEST MINER.

---

AIR—"CASTLES IN THE AIR."

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SUNG BY MR JAMES ANDERSON, AT THE  
THEATRE ROYAL, BARKERVILLE,  
18TH FEB., 1869.

---

The rough but honest miner,  
Wha toils night and day,  
Seeking for the yellow gold,  
Hid amang the clay—  
Howkin' in the mountain side.  
What does he there—  
Ha ! the auld "dreamer's"  
"Biggin' castles in the air."  
His weather-beaten face,  
An' his sair-worn hands  
Are tell-tales to a'  
O' the hardships he stands ;  
His head may grow gray,  
And his face fu' o' care,  
Hunting after gold,  
"Wi' its castles in the air."

He sees an auld channel,  
Buried in the hill,  
Fil'd fu' o' nuggets—  
Sae gaes at it wi' a will,  
For lang weeks and months,  
Drifting late and air',  
Cutting out a door  
To his "castle in the air"—  
He hammers at the rock,  
Believin' its a rim,  
When ten to ane 'tis naething  
But his fancy's whim—  
Sure when he gets thro'

He'll find his hame-stake there;  
There's miners mair than ane,  
Built this "castle in the air."

He thinks his "pile" is made,  
And he's gaein' hame gin fa'—  
He joins his dear auld mither,  
His faither, freends and a'  
His heart e'en jumps wi' joy,  
At the thochts o' bein' there,  
Ane's mony a happy minute  
"Biggin' castles in the air."  
But hopes that promised high,  
In the spring time o' the year,  
Like leaves o' autumn fa'  
When the frost o' winter's near;  
Sae his biggin' tum'les doon,  
Wi' ilka blast o' care,  
'Till there's no a "stane left stannin',"  
O' his "castle in the air."

"Toiling and sorrowing,  
On thro' life he goes;  
Each morning sees some work begun,  
Each evening sees it close"—  
But he has aye the grit,  
Tho' his "tum-tum" may be sair,  
For anither year is coming,  
Wi' its "castles in the air."  
Tho' fortune may not smile  
Upon his labors here,  
There is a warld abune,  
Where his prospects will be clear—  
If he now accept the offer  
O' a stake beyond compare—  
A happy hame for aye,  
Wi' a "castle in the air."

---

### CASTLES IN THE AIR.

---

WORDS BY JAMES BALLANTYNE.

---

The bonnie, bonnie bairn,  
Wha' sits pokin' in the aise,  
Glow'rin at the fire,  
Wi' his wee round face  
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe,  
What sees he there,  
Ah! the you g dreamer's

Biggin' castles in the air.  
 His wee chubby face,  
 An' his touzie curly powe,  
 Are laughin' and noddin'  
 To the dancing lowe—  
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks,  
 An' he'll singe his sunny hair,  
 Glow'rin at the imps  
 Wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles  
 Tow'rin' to the moon—  
 He sees wee sodgers  
 Pu'in' them a' doon—  
 Worlds whom'lin' up and doon—  
 Blazin' wi' a flare.  
 Ah! How he louns.  
 As they glimmer in the air ;  
 For a' sae sage he looks,  
 Eh! what can the laddie ken?  
 He's thinkin' upon naething,  
 Like mony mighty men ;  
 A wee thing maks us think,  
 And a sma' thing maks us stare ;  
 There's mair folk than him  
 Biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a nicht in winter  
 May weel mak him cauld ;  
 His chin upon his buffy hand,  
 Will soon mak him auld,  
 His broo is brent sae braid—  
 O! pray that Daddy care  
 Would let the wean alane,  
 Wi' his castles in the air.  
 He'll glow'r at the fire,  
 An' he'll keek at the licht,  
 But mony a sparklin' star  
 Has been swallow'd up by nicht ;  
 Aulder een than his  
 Has been glamour'd by a glare—  
 Hearts are broken, heads are turned,  
 Wi' castles in the air.



# YOUNG TED BROWN.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN HUDSON AT THE THEATRE  
ROYAL, BARKERVILLE, ON NEW YEAR'S  
EVE, 1867.

## AIR—"RIDING ON A RAILROAD CAR."

Young Ted Brown was a fine young man,  
At Westminster he staid—  
He used to attend the The-a-tre,  
And ran with the Fire Brigade.  
Ted, he took the Cariboo fever—  
Folks said he was a fool—  
But he rolled up his blankets,  
And started up the river,  
Riding on his old pack mule.  
Chorus—"But he rolled," etc.

Now, when he got up to the Mouth,  
And saw the piles of gold  
Staked on cards and won so free,  
Like '49,—days of old—  
Ted staked and lost the usual way—  
But he took all this quite cool,  
And he rolled up his blankets,  
And started on his way  
Riding on his old pack mule.  
Chorus—"And he rolled," etc.

Next day he got to Williams Creek,  
Tho' he had ne'er a dime—  
But he made a pile within a week,  
And left in double-quick time—  
Now you may see him at the play any night,  
To enjoy himself is his rule ;  
He wears boiled shirts, and I saw him  
yesterday,  
A riding on his old pack mule.  
Chorus—"He wears," etc.

ANONYMOUS.

## ENCORE VERSES.

Now, ladies an' gemmen, at your request  
I have come back again—  
Your approbation does me proud,  
And tre-men-di-ously vain—

I wish I had but Teddy's luck  
And my dust all safe with Poole,  
I'd give a nugget to each one here,  
Then ride off on my old pack-mule.

But Teddy's case was a singular one,  
And most unlike to mine ;  
For I've been years in Cariboo,  
But all in the dead broke line.  
I've staked and lost, like Teddy, too,  
And many another fool—  
For the man who bets at the Faro-bank,  
Will ne'er ride on an old pack-mule.

And now, dear gals, may it be your lot  
To enjoy a happy New Year,  
And get some dear Teddy for your "Scot,"  
Or like "Jack before you here."  
I wish I were in old England,  
With a good wife me to rule,  
I'd bless the times in Cariboo,  
When I rode on an old pack mule.

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"I LOE NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE."

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"I loe nae a laddie but ane,  
An he loes nae a lassie but me ;  
He's willing to mak me his ain,  
And his ain I'm willing to be."—BURNS.  
He gave me a bonnie gold ring,  
Wi' my name initial'd inside—  
It was a dear present to bring,  
Oh, he is my darling and pride.  
Chorus—"I loe nae a laddie," etc.

Letither men travel on "style,"  
And boast o' their high pedigree ;  
My laddie can look on and smile,  
For a true honest miner is he.  
He works ilka day i' the week,  
An' the "cradle" keeps rockin' awa—  
And altho' he's his livin' to seek,  
He's never ashamed o't ava.  
Chorus—"I loe nae a laddie," etc.

Ye laddies wha sigh for a smile,  
Just gie me a dollar or cheque,  
I'll throw you a look without gile,  
That will set a fine "bend in your neck,"  
But I'll gie my dear laddie my love,

An it's just as little's I can,  
 For in a'thing we gang hand and glove,  
 An he'll soon be my ain gudeman !

Chorus—"I loe nae a laddie," etc.

### THE YOUNG MAN FROM CANADA.

AIR—"YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTREE."

I'm a young man from Canada,  
 Some six feet in my shoes—  
 I left my home for Cariboo,  
 On the first exciting news.  
 In New York city there was a gent  
 Introduced himself to me ;  
 Said I, I come from Canada,  
 So you can't come over me.

Chorus—"Said I," etc.

I sailed in the crazy "Champion,"  
 All in the steerage, too ;  
 I thought I'd got among the Fiends,  
 Or other horrid crew.  
 If you had only seen them feed—  
 It quite astonished me—  
 And I'd been years in Canada,  
 In a lum-ber-er's shantee.

Chorus—"I said," etc.

Of all the dangers that befell—  
 And of all the jolly sprees,  
 That happened me upon the breasts  
 Of two tre-men-di-ous seas,  
 I will not now stop to relate,  
 Lest it should weary thee ;  
 I'm a young man from Canada,  
 Arrived at Douglas-ee.

Chorus—"I'm a young man," etc.

With seventy-five upon my back,  
 I started right away ;  
 And at an easy-going pace,  
 Made thirty miles a day—  
 I landed here, without a dime,  
 In 1868 ;

But being raised in Canada,  
 'Twas nothing new to me !

Chorus—"But being raised," etc.



In best of home-spun I was clad,  
 So I was warmly drest ;  
 The wool it grew near Montreal,  
 Sit-u-ate in "Canada West" !  
 On Williams Creek they call'd me green,  
 And "Jonnie come late-lee."  
 Said I, I am from Canada—  
 I ain't from the old countree.  
 Chorus—"Said I," etc.

I started in my mining life,  
 By chopping co-ord-wood ;  
 But I was born with axe in hand,  
 So I could use it good.  
 My chum was from the State of Maine,  
 Somewhere near Tennessee ! !  
 But ah, I was from Canada—  
 And he couldn't chop with me.  
 Chorus—"But, ah," etc.

In a short time I made a "raise,"  
 And bought into a claim,  
 And there they made me engineer,  
 Or carman—'tis the same—  
 The drifters then did try it on,  
 To boss it over me !  
 Said I, I come from Canada,  
 And I'm on the shoulder-ee.  
 Chorus—"Said I," etc.

After two weeks I had a "div,"  
 Which drove away all care ;  
 And I went to "Bob," the "Wake-up's,"  
 And had a bully "square ;"  
 Then danced all night, till broad daylight,  
 And one gal smiled sweet on me—  
 Said I, I am from Canada,  
 And I'm on the marry-ee !  
 Chorus—"Said I," etc.

I fitted up my cabin slick—  
 Fine fixins all about—  
 I thought the blue-eyed, fair-haired gal,  
 Would nicely set it out.  
 But when I asked her for to wed,  
 She only laughed at me ;  
 So this young man from Canada  
 Was let out by a SHEE  
 Chorus—"So this," etc.

Now you young men, who are in love—  
 And sure I am there's some—

Don't count your chicks before they're  
hatched,  
For they may never come ;  
And should a gal give you one smile,  
Don't fancy that she's "stuck,"  
Or you'll find "a soft spot in your head,"  
As did this brave Can-uck.  
Chorus—"Or you'll," etc.

THE DANCING GALS OF CARIBOO,  
OF 1866.

TO THE SAME AIR.

We are dancing girls in Cariboo,  
And we're liked by all the men,  
In gum boots and a blanket coat—  
And e'en the upper ten !  
We all of us have swee-eet-hearts,  
But the dearest of all to me !  
Is that young man who wistfully  
Casts those sheep's-eyes at me !  
Chorus—"Is that young man," etc.

O ev'ry night at eight o'clock,  
We enter the saloon—  
Altho' it may be vacant then,  
'Tis crowded very soon.  
Then all the boys they stare at us,  
But we do not mind that so  
Like those four-and-twenty Welshmen,  
All sitting in a row.  
Chorus—"Like those " etc.

O, what a charming thing it is,  
To have a pretty face—  
To know that one can kill as well  
In calico as lace ;  
We steal the hearts of everyone,  
But the dearest of all to me,  
Is that dear boy with the curly head,  
Who loves me faithfully,  
Chorus—"Is that dear boy," etc.

To all the boys of Cariboo,  
This moral—which is right—  
From the dancing gals of Cariboo,  
You may see on any night—  
"Before we either give our hearts,  
Or yet our sympath-ee,

You must be like this dear young man,  
Who spends his all on me !"

Chorus—" You must," etc.

### SINCH.

#### AIR—" THE MOUSETRAP MAN."

Now kind friends attention and list to my  
song,

'Tis neither too short, nor yet very long—  
It's all of a little game play'd on this creek,  
Ev'ry hour of the day, and every day in the  
week—

Some play for pastime, and some play for  
beer,

Some play because a dear bar-maid is near ;  
But only the Scotchman can play the game  
right,

For Sawney hates " scinching," but loves to  
get tight.

#### CHORUS.

Sinch, sinch, who'll take a hand,  
Sinch, sinch, sinch, who will play ;  
Drink brandy or rum, or lager who may,  
Sinch for hot whiskey—hot whiskey I'll  
play.

Now give us two beans, and throw round  
for the deal,

This game's on the square, boys, so no one  
may steal :

Ah, 'tis my sell, now who will buy me—  
Slow Sawney says, " one," while Paddy says  
" three."

I can make three myself, I don't know what  
to do,

But I'll take the beans, Pat, seeing it's you ;  
So Paddy gets " sinch'd"—he has only High  
Jack—

While Sawney says " barkeep, hot whiskey  
I'll tak !"

Chorus—" Sinch, sinch," etc.

Then we play'd to sinch Sawney, but the  
rogue he was shy,

And long ere each game closed, auld  
Sawney was dry ;

But after ten rounds his eyelids were clinch'd,  
And Sawney unconscious, was thoroughly  
sinched.

We played all that night, and next morning  
 was found  
 On a bench by the stove, Sawney sleeping  
 quite sound,  
 Till a fall on the floor, half awakened the  
 Scot,  
 And he hiccup'd out "barkeep gie me  
 whiskey hot."  
 Chorus—"Sinch, sinch," etc.

There's some things I see, I can't well  
 explain,  
 How some men can drink, who ne'er treat  
 again—  
 And breakfast at home on a chip of dry  
 toast,  
 To dine at a restaurant on pudding and  
 roast  
 While others around play billiards and  
 sport,  
 Without any visible means of support—  
 And often play sinch without even a red,  
 And sometimes, like Sawney, go drunk to  
 their bed.

Sinch, sinch, who hasn't been sinched,  
 Sinch'd, sinch'd in a dollar or two—  
 The barkeep, the baker, the miner, the  
 Jew,  
 Have each one been sinched by rough  
 Cariboo.

### COME BACK FARO.

AIR—"PETER GRAY."

I'll sing you now a mournful song,  
 A'bout a fine old man,  
 Who liv'd some years in Cariboo,  
 All by his sleight of han'.

#### CHORUS.

Come back, Faro, come back Faro. pray,  
 Or I'll sing tooral la de O!  
 Sing tooral la de A!

Altho' he lay in his bed all day,  
 He was wide awake at night;  
 And when the luck was on his side,  
 His face beam'd with delight.

Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

I've often watched his little game,  
 And even been case-keeper ;  
 And tho' his eyes were pretty sharp,  
 I've sometimes "snailed a sleeper."  
 Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

At times he'd grumble of hard luck,  
 And say he'd ne'er a dollar—  
 Yet he lived jolly as a lord,  
 And wore a paper collar.  
 Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

Ah, many a time he found me grub,  
 When I had ne'er a red—  
 Now I must work ten hours a day,  
 Since good old Faro's dead.  
 Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

But what is worse, I dare not dance,  
 Nor squeeze a little paw—  
 I'll tell the reason, but "don't ment'ch,"  
 I cannot "shoot my jaw."  
 Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

Some say old Faro was a rogue,  
 Tho' 'tis not my belief ;  
 But if he were—then I am sure  
 Young Lansquenet's a thief.  
 Chorus—"Come back, Faro," etc.

Whate'er you were, old Faro, dear,  
 I'll not defame the dead—  
 Your ghost might haunt me some cold night,  
 And "freeze me out" in bed.

#### CHORUS.

Good bye, Faro, good bye old Faro, dear,  
 And may you strike it in White Pine,  
 And we may strike it here.

#### I BELONG TO THE FIRE BRIGADE.

##### AIR—"RIDING ON A RAILROAD CAR."

Oh! I belong to the Fire Brigade,  
 "And don't you think I ought to!"  
 A prettier boy was never made,  
 My uniform I bought too!  
 My shirt of wool, in scarlet dyed,  
 And pants and belt agree--  
 With helmet hat, and badge on that,

Of the W.C.F.B.

Chorus—"With helmet hat," etc.

We have an engine house, for show,  
A stable—but no 'oss—  
Which grieves me very much indeed,  
And makes me rather cross.  
We are to have tanks on the hill,  
And trust to luck for wa (r) ter—  
Were the choice mine, I'd have engine,  
And look to Heav'n 'arter!

Chorus—"Were the choice mine," etc.

I know, hydraulics is the thing,  
To break a gravel bank—  
And very soon would drown a fire—  
Tho' I don't like the "tank."  
But still I'll muster with the boys,  
For we should pull together,  
"No frog nor mouse" shall burn a house,  
Our Fire Brigade forever!

Chorus—"No frog nor mouse," etc.

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### "THE FLOWER OF GERMANY."

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AIR—"CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS."

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You may sing of "Annie Laurie,"  
Or of "Emma of the Rhine,"  
Or "the lass that loves the sailor,"  
I will sing of Kitty mine.  
You may love the "English Rose,"  
Or the brave "Old Scottish Chief,"  
Or the "Shamrock" of the "Isle."  
Or the bonnie "Maple Leaf;"  
But, tho' dear the emblem be,  
Thou art dearer far to me,  
Bright, merry, laughing Katy,  
The "Flow'r of Germanie;"  
And my feet are "on the dance,"  
And my heart is full of glee,  
When Katie, little Katie,  
"Casts a sly glance on me."

You may fancy ballet dancers,  
In their snowy clouds of lace,  
My Katie, in her calico,  
For me has ev'ry grace;  
Her step is lighter than the deer,

Upon the heather bell,  
 And sweeter is her breath than those  
 Sweet violets in the dell,  
 And she trips it light and gay,  
 Like a fairy in the ring,  
 And her waltzing, smoothly glides  
 Like a bird upon the wing;  
 Singing of "Annie Laurie,"—  
 "Rather Scotch for me—"  
 I say, "sour krout and lager beer,"  
 And "Ye Flow'r of Germanie."

### BAR-ROOM SONG.

AIR—"FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT."

Hurrah ! for rum and whiskey hot,  
 That fires the brain, an' a' that !  
 The sober man, we pass him bye,  
 We dare be drunk, for a' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that !  
 Tumble, rough, an' a' that !  
 The mind is but the weak man's plea ;  
 The Muscle's man for a' that !

See ye that miner—in his cups—  
 Wi' shou'thers broad an' a' that !  
 Wha calls himsel' a man o' micht,  
 O' principle, an' a' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that !  
 Paper collars, an' a' that ;  
 The man that's on the shoulder, he  
 Keeps his ain side for a' that !

Tho' gold may buy a man good claes,  
 May steal his sense, an' a' that !  
 It's only Muscle wha can win  
 His battles ain, an' a' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that !  
 Their billiards, balls, an' a' that !  
 Whan Muscle taks the cue, he breaks  
 Baith heads an' balls, an' a' that !

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 "As come it will," for a' that !  
 Micht shall be richt the world o'er,  
 In dance, saloon, an' a' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that !  
 Hurrah ! for hell, an' a' that !  
 Let's drink and fight, and gourage and bite,  
 We're gentlemen for a' that !



N. B.

Rejoice, young man, whan in ye're prime,  
 Live fast, get drunk, an' a' that !  
 Auld age, should you e'er live to see't,  
 Will put an end to a' that !  
 For a' that, an' a' that !  
 Ye'll pay the debt for a' that !  
 Whan nature's sel' demands o' you,  
 A true account o' a' that !

## CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

AIR—"TOLL THE BELL."

Come, miners, listen to my song—  
 A song I sing for you,  
 To cheer you on your rough hewn way,  
 While here in Cariboo ;  
 Tho' hard the lot of "cruel fate,"  
 Hopes lost—fall after fall—  
 And "Hard 'Times" for a cabin mate,  
 Still persevere thro' all.

CHORUS.

Cheer up, my boys, let not your courage fail,  
 But spread your canvass open to the gale ;  
 You know not how soon the fav'ring breeze  
 may steer,  
 Then sing to-day with hearts so gay, cheer,  
 boys cheer.

The sailor braves the stormy sea,  
 And dares the angry wave—  
 And the soldier fights for glory,  
 That finds him in the grave.  
 More daring still, the miner's strife,  
 In scaling Fortune's height—  
 For in the "battle-field of life,"  
 His is the hardest fight.

Chorus—"Cheer up, my boys," etc.

Tho' sick the "tum-tum" of your heart.  
 From oft depressing blows—  
 Ah, never, boys, thro' up the sponge,  
 Till death your eyes do close—  
 Tho' dark the future may appear,  
 The sky with clouds o'er cast,  
 The sun that's shining in the rear,  
 Will burst the veil at last.

Chorus—"Cheer up, my boys," etc.

# THE SPRING FLOWERS.

## AIR—"THE MIDGES' DANCE."

The miner leads a weary life,  
In search o' hidden gain—  
For year by year he reaps a crop  
O' trouble, care and pain—  
But still unmindfu' o' the past,  
O' storms that round him blow,  
He's ne'er cast down by Fortune's frown,  
But struggles on thro' a'.

When nature bursts her icy robe,  
And shews her "mantle green,"  
The miner's hopes, like flowers o' spring,  
Enliven ilka scene—  
And something whispers in himsel'.  
"Ye'll hae guid luck this year,"  
Sae throws his pack upon his back,  
Nor thinks the load severe.

The summer comes and passes bye,  
Aince mair returns the fa',  
Aince mair the pack is on his back,  
A heavy load—tho' sma'—  
Cauld winter, wi' his icy breath,  
Mair ill than "Zero" bring;  
Wi' show'rs o' snaw he buries a'  
The miner's flow'rs o' spring.

## ANTHEM FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

God bless our native land,  
Our own Dominion land,  
God bless our land;  
May she united be,  
Wall'd in by sea an sea—  
Emblem of purity—  
God bless our land.

May she be leal and true,  
Mother-land dear to you,  
In weal or woe—  
Till a vast nation grown,  
Able to hold her own,  
Supporting the ancient throne  
'Gainst every foe.

May all her laws be just,  
And all her pow'rs the trust  
Of great and small;

Then shall the nations see  
A kingdom of liberty,  
And the Great God shall be  
Her fort and wall.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER, FOR THE  
DOMINION NATION.

AIR—"CHEER, BOYS, CHEER."

Cheer, boys, cheer, for the "Dominion  
Nation,"

Glorious the race that's before her to run;  
Cheer, boys, cheer, for the Confederation;  
The fairest, the free-est land under the sun.

For Britain hath said that the land is your  
own,

Then take and possess it from shore unto  
shore;

On the west lay your lines by Pacific's white  
foam,

On the east where Atlantic waves sullenly  
roar.

Chorus—"Cheer, boys, cheer," etc.

And rich is the heritage, worthy the giver,  
Her children in millions can here find a  
home,

In the forests and valleys, by lake and by  
river,

And on plains where the herds of the bison  
now roam.

Chorus—"Cheer, boys, cheer," etc.

Then cheer, loudly cheer, let no thought of  
care smother

Your bright bounding joy, or your fullness  
of glee;

To the south stretch your hands, grasp that  
of a brother,

From one common race sprung the sons of  
the free.

Chorus—"Cheer, boys, cheer, etc."

And deep breathe the prayer, may no after  
strife sever

The Dominion from Albion, the brave and  
the free;

Long live our Queen! Rule Britannia for  
ever!

Dear land of our sires, proud Queen of the sea.

Chorus—"Cheer, boys, cheer," etc.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, for the "Dominion Nation,"

Glorious the race that's before her to run ;  
Cheer, boys, cheer, for the Confederation,  
The fairest, the free-est land under the sun.

C. BOOTH.

### THE NEW DOMINION.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. W. HILL.

Oh ! land of the maple and beaver, we love  
To hear thy praises afar ;  
Federation thy strength, Dominion thy name,  
Thou bright, and new shining star ;  
May wisdom, strength and power combine,  
To make thee a giant so grand,  
While from ocean to ocean thy empire  
extends.

Hail, Dominion, our own fatherland !

CHORUS.

Hail, New Dominion, thou glorious and  
free !

Soon may thy empire span from sea to sea !

Dear Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Red  
River

And Columbia allied with you,  
With Canada joined, say who can e'er sever  
A country and flag firm and true ;

Thy sister Columbia, whose resources are  
many,

Would improve 'neath thy fostering hand ;  
Then, say come with us, thou land of the  
West,

We'll make one great fatherland.

Chorus—"Hail, New Dominion," etc.

### THE EMIGRANT'S CANADIAN HOME.

MUSIC AND WORDS BY W. W. HILL—  
WRITTEN IN 1838.

There is a spot, tho' far away  
No matter where we roam,  
That's ever held to mem'ry dear,

'Tis home ! sweet home !  
 Tho' we've enjoy'd a happy time,  
 Since we cross'd ocean's foam.  
 We'll ne'er forget our native land,  
 Our childhood's happy home.

Tho' we may dwell in foreign lands,  
 Or on the wide sea's breast,  
 Our thoughts will love to linger still  
 Round homes where fathers rest ;  
 The shamrock, rose, and thistle, all  
 Have glorious laurels won,  
 Which ever sheds a lustre on  
 Our own adopted home !

While war and bloodshed reign so near  
 To our adopted land,  
 And men, who should as brothers be,  
 In deadly combat stand ;  
 Let's thankful be to Him, who has  
 So many favors shewn,  
 And smiles upon us day by day  
 In our Canadian home.

If, in the order of events,  
 Our land should be menaced,  
 Nobly will we defend our flag,  
 Which ne'er has been disgraced !  
 For here the " Flag of Freedom " waves  
 From ev'ry spire and dome—  
 While Love and Liberty and Right,  
 Guard our Canadian home !

### MY NATIVE LAND.

#### AIR—"MY NATIVE LAND."

'Tis when the sun, adorning  
 The east in golden hue,  
 Dispels the mist of morning,  
 And quaffs the diamond dew—  
 'Tis then my thoughts are flying  
 O'er continent and sea—  
 'Tis then my heart is sighing,  
 My native land for thee.

#### CHORUS.

My native land,  
 Tho' 'twixt us lies the sea,  
 Thy craggy hills and laughing rills  
 Have still their charms for me.

Ye Scots may long for Scotia,  
 And Erin's sons their Isle—  
 But I for Venedotia  
 Am sighing all the while—

Where Snowdon's summit rises  
O'er Gelert's silent grave,  
And Glaslyn's water kisses  
Atlantic's rolling wave.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

Amongst these lofty mountains,  
Amongst these golden vales,  
Far from thy sparkling fountains,  
Exiled from thee, fair Wales—  
The love that first I bore thee  
Is now as 'twas before,  
I always shall adore thee,  
For ever, evermore.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

This silent land feels lonely,  
No song's borne on the breeze,  
But morn's wind sighing only,  
Amongst the tallest trees,  
This makes my fancy wander  
Along thy distant shore.  
And mem'ry loves to ponder  
Upon the days of yore.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

TAL. O EIFION.

### AWAY WITH CARE AND SORROW.

MUSIC BY WAT. C. PRICE.

'Tis when we think we're nearest  
To gain the golden prize—  
'Tis when the hope that's dearest  
Is nursed away—it flies;  
The fairest prospects blighted,  
Deserving fruits withheld;  
The sun of hope's benighted,  
And Fortune's smile's dispelled.

CHORUS.

But still we say, away, away,  
Away with care and sorrow!  
Let's all be gay, and hope to-day  
To see a bright to-morrow.

'Tis said "the darkest hour's  
Before the break of day;"  
'Tis thro' the falling showers  
We see the brightest ray.  
'Tis when the heart is sadden'd,  
And fears ill luck's our doom,  
'Tis then we're ofttest gladden'd—  
Success dispels the gloom.

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And

## CHORUS.

And then we say, away, away,  
 For ever care and sorrow !  
 Let's all be gay, and hope to day  
 To see a bright to-morrow.

TAL. O EIFION.

## O, GIVE ME A COT.

MUSIC BY REV. JAMES REYNARD.

O, give me a cot on the slope of a hill,  
 'Neath the shade of an old oak tree,  
 By the side of a sparkling and roaring rill,  
 Within sight of the briny sea ;  
 Where I'll hear the sweet song of the morn-  
     ing lark,  
 As he rouses mankind from rest,  
 And gaze on the form of the buoyant bark,  
 As it rides on the ocean's breast.

## CHORUS.

O, give me a cot on the slope of a hill,  
 'Neath the shade of an old oak tree,  
 By the side of a sparkling and roaring rill,  
 Within sight of the briny sea.

I wish for no palace with riches untold—  
 I wish for no vast domain—  
 I crave not the pleasures begot by gold,  
 For much more than the joys the pain ;  
 But give me a cot, be it e'er so poor,  
 For its scanty the fare I need—  
 And give me the wild, bleak, healthy moor,  
 I'll the life of a shephard lead !

Chorus—"O, give me a cot," etc.

I long for the mountains, those mountains  
     afar,  
 Where I've roam'd with a boy's delight,  
 From the break of the day 'till the evening  
     star  
 Shone clear thro' the veil of night ;  
 Where often I've gazed on the distant tide,  
 As its billows were kissed by the breeze !  
 O, give me a cot on that mountain side,  
 And I'll live and I'll die in peace !

Chorus—"O, give me a cot," etc.

TAL. O EIFION.



# I LOVE TO SNORE.

AIR—"I LOVE TO ROAM."

O, I love to snore  
On a bar-room floor,  
And sleep a drunk away !  
And dream of bilks  
Who dress in silks,  
And girls who dance for pay ;  
And whiskey imps,  
And gambling pimps,  
Who are supported by  
Their ready tools,  
A thousand fools,  
Such fools as you and I !

Against a glance  
I have no chance,  
I love the barley bree !  
I love to whirl  
The dancing girl,  
I love the jolly spree !  
I bet the tin,  
But rarely win,  
I taste the beer once more ;  
My bones do ache  
When I awake  
Upon a bar-room floor !

When I drink deep,  
And sink to sleep,  
It seems a happy trance—  
The drunken snore  
Of half a score,  
The music and the dance !  
I wake and think,  
Again I drink,  
My drooping thoughts to cheer.  
Oh, I love to snore  
On a bar-room floor,  
Just once in twenty year !

BARD OF LOWHEE.

A creek above Barkerville

## THE OLD RED SHIRT.

A miner came to my cabin door,  
His clothes they were covered with dirt ;  
He held out a piece he desired me to wash,  
Which I found was an old red shirt.

His cheeks were thin, and furrow'd his brow,  
His eyes they were sunk in his head ;  
He said that he had got work to do,  
And be able to earn his bread.

He said that the "old red shirt" was torn,  
And asked me to give it a stitch ;  
But it was threadbare, and sorely worn,  
Which show'd he was far from rich.

O ! miners with good paying claims,  
O ! traders v ho wish to do good,  
Have pity on men who earn your wealth,  
Grudge not the poor miner his food.

Far from these mountains a poor mother  
mourns  
The darling that hung by her skirt,  
When contentment and plenty surrounded  
the home  
Of the miner that brought me the shirt.

REBECCA GIBBS.



